

# THE EDGE OF HAZARD

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BY GEORGE HORTON

## SYNOPSIS.

Frederick Hardy, a fashionable Boston society man, lost his wealth, was killed by a girl and sent by a friend to take charge of an American Trading Company store in Russia. On his journey through Japan he met Stupetov, Nevila, supposedly an Englishman. They agreed to go together to Russia. Because of various circumstances they were several times molested by the Japanese. Hardy was arrested and found upon his person a picture of a woman. On a train he met Alsone, a Japanese girl, who was a Russian spy. Hardy showed the picture to her, and she told him that it was a picture of a woman who was a Russian spy. Hardy was arrested and found upon his person a picture of a woman. On a train he met Alsone, a Japanese girl, who was a Russian spy. Hardy showed the picture to her, and she told him that it was a picture of a woman who was a Russian spy.



"He Became Infatuated with a Woman of Disreputable Character."

CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.  
The American was puzzled for a moment. He knew why this handsome dandy Russian had subscribed so large an amount. That Boris Romanoff was touched by the suffering of the poor was a thought to bring a smile to the face of any who chanced to know him.

Hardy was not rich, as we know. He had saved a few thousands from his fortune, and his salary and profits from commissions brought him a respectable income. He held his pen for a moment suspended, as he remarked, looking the princess quizzically in the eye:

"Your cousin is very tender-hearted, is he not—quite charitably disposed?"

"He has responded handsomely, has he not?" she replied, carelessly, but there was an amused look in her eye.

"But he is rich and doesn't mind a little sum like this. Besides, he knows that I am anxious to make these poor people comfortable."

Hardy scribbled his name on the paper and handed it back carelessly to the princess.

"But, monsieur," she gasped, "my friend, I could not accept so much from you! You have made some mistake here!"

He adjusted his gold pince-nez, looked critically at the paper, and read out loud:

"Frederick Courtland Hardy, rubles 2,500. No, that is quite correct, your highness. I shall take great pleasure in sending you a check in the morning. You have the idea of how this cause appeals to me."

The princess flushed and held the paper in her hand for some moments in silence, looking at it.

"The Americans are as generous as they are brave," she said at last, in a low voice. "I shall accept this noble gift on behalf of my poor people, in whose name I thank you."

At this moment a servant appeared at the door and announced:

"Lieutenant Gortchakov!"

"I regret that I must be leaving you now," said the Romanoff; "but stay! I should like to introduce you to the lieutenant. He is a great admirer of America and Americans. Show the lieutenant in, Aleko."

The lieutenant entered, tall, in his twenties, very slender and handsome. He was attired in the uniform of the Imperial Guards. Seeing the princess, he bowed very low, clicking his heels together. Then he walked rapidly to her, and, bending with exquisite grace and assurance, lifted her hand to his lips. After which he turned politely and inquiringly toward Hardy, who arose.

"Alexieff, why can we not drive Mr. Hardy by the Slaviansky Barar? The lieutenant has a new pair of white Arabian horses, which he is anxious for me to see. I am sure that Mr. Hardy can appreciate fine horses."

"I shall be most happy," replied the lieutenant, "if Mr. Hardy will accept."

"Oh, I am sure he will," laughed the princess, "if he is sufficiently urged."

She left the room, and Gortchakov began to explain that he was driving her to a reception, and that the Slaviansky would be on the way. He had not been talking over a minute, when Boris Romanoff entered, superbly handsome in evening dress. An older man accompanied him. Romanoff shook hands cordially with Gortchakov, whom he addressed as "Alexieff," and to whom he introduced his companion, Gen. Koukolnik.

He did not introduce Koukolnik to Hardy, but said to the latter with an evil, insolent smile:

"Hello, Hardy, how's trade? But these Americans are enterprising!" he explained affably to the general.

"This fellow here is a store-keeper, who, it seems, is working the Russian nobility for all he is worth. What's your scheme now? Tell us, that's a good fellow! You shall have our influence with the princess—she ought to be an easy mark, under the circumstances—eh, general?"

The American paled with rage, but he looked Romanoff full in the eyes, returning insolence for insolence.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Princess Commands.  
"Being only a merchant," replied the American, "I find it necessary to cultivate good manners to a certain extent. Were I a prince, I might also be a boor."

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Gen. Koukolnik, "but this is a very peppery merchant!" The general's cheeks and nose were adorned with a network of varicose veins, the result of innumerable deep potatoes of vodka. He was that anomalous combination, an excitable fat man, and he had a habit of jerking so fiercely at his long, pointed side-whiskers that he pulled down the puffy underlid of his eye, disclosing the red conjunctiva.

Romanoff flushed with rage.

"Fellow," said he, "I am not going to waste any words with you. I grant you a certain degree of courage, considerable shrewdness and any amount of insolence. But you are making a sad mistake if you hope to force your way into high society simply because you happened to kill a Chinaman or two on the Amur. You may take advantage of my cousin's good nature, but you can not impose on the rest of us. The best thing for you to do is to accept a good, substantial check for your services to the family, and take yourself off. How much shall he?"—he pulled a checkbook from his pocket. "Better take my advice and accept it now, while we are in the mood, and the offer is open."

"Upon my soul!" exclaimed Koukolnik.

"I suppose that I shall be offended at this later," drawled Hardy, "when I get to thinking over it. At the present you are too interesting as a study in—ah—zoology. I do not believe there is such another boor and ruffian living in all Moscow as you. Certainly, the Russians of the better class that I have met thus far have all been gentlemen."

"I trust this doesn't bore you, Alexieff, nor you, general," said Romanoff, "but I really must settle with this fellow once and for all, and have

it over with. I met him first in Japan, where he played me a low trick, for which he, no doubt, received money from the Japanese authorities. He became infatuated with a woman of disreputable character there, and he and the woman had me put on a boat, ostensibly sailing for Vladivostok. I soon found out that I was to be imprisoned or put to death. This fellow remained in Japan with his paramour, and he came on here afterward at his leisure. I have had him watched since by the police, and it is certain that he is an enemy of the government, and perhaps a Japanese spy. It is known that he consorts with Jews, and I strongly suspect that he is himself an American Jew. The Romanoff family is, unfortunately, under certain obligations to him, for which I am offering to pay him liberally. Come, now, my man, how much shall it be?"

"There must surely be some mistake here," said Gortchakov. "I was introduced to Mr. Hardy by the princess, who recommended him to me as a possible friend. What have you to say to these accusations of the prince, Mr. Hardy?"

"Nothing," replied the American, "save that if we were not under the roof of a lady, I should tell Romanoff that I can not believe that he is mistaken."

"You would have us think then—?" suggested Gortchakov.

"That he is undoubtedly lying!"

"Have a care!" cried Romanoff, raising his voice. "Do not presume too far on the protection of the princess! Once more and for the last time, I ask you, how much do you want?"—and he thrust the check-book under Hardy's nose.

"You are positively growing tiresome," said Hardy, and he flipped the book from Romanoff's fingers, so that it flew fluttering half-way across the room.

"Hell and furies!" exclaimed Romanoff. "Take that, you son of a dirty Jewess!"—and he struck Hardy violently in the face with the flat of his hand. The blow staggered the American and left a number of red welts, that contrasted strangely with the marble whiteness of his cheeks.

"This insult must be answered for elsewhere," he said in low, even tones.

"Lieut. Gortchakov, I am a comparative stranger here; will you do me the honor of seconding me in this affair?"

"You want me to fight a duel with you?" laughed Romanoff. "With you, a Jew storekeeper? Leave this house instantly, or I shall have you kicked into the street."

"I am an American," Hardy explained to Gortchakov, "and the gentlemen of America earn their living by honest toil. Moreover, I am by birth and education a gentleman. Will you be my second?"

Gortchakov caught sight of a stately white figure standing in a distant doorway—the figure of a tall woman, wearing a white opera cloak, a coronet blazing with diamonds surmounting her regal brow.

He extended his hand to Hardy.

"I will be your second," he said.

"Are you mad?" said Romanoff. "I can not fight with this low fellow, this tradesman."

"I know Mr. Hardy through the introduction of the Princess Romanoff," declared Alexieff; "that is quite sufficient for me."

"You will either fight me or I will horsewhip you on the public streets," insisted Hardy, not raising his voice.

"I knew you to be a liar—I did not suspect that you were also a coward."

"Do you forget that you are in my house?"

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Koukolnik, "it is the princess! Madame, I humbly salute you!"—and clicking his heels together, he made a low bow.

"Ah, good evening, cousin," said Romanoff. "I beg your pardon for this disturbance, but really, this fellow here is to blame. I offered to pay him for the service which he has rendered to a member of the family. He knocked my check-book from my hand, and I very properly chastised his insolence by slapping his face. As the head of the family it is my duty to protect you from low adventurers. I demand now most decidedly that you bid him begone!"

"Oh, Boris!" cried the princess, more in sorrow than in anger, "out of your own mouth I condemn you. If you offered this gentleman money, I

little or no knowledge of the rapier. A combat at sword point with swords would mean just as surely his destruction. He is, as you well know, the outraged party, and the choice of weapons should be his. Romanoff, moreover, is not unskillful with the pistol, and there is no doubt as to the quality of his nerve."

Fortunately for Gortchakov's contention, the Baron Koukolnik, Koukolnik's associate, believed Hardy's reputation for skill greatly exaggerated.

"The fellow is a plebeian, too," he urged, "a mere tradesman, who will lose his nerve when made to stand up and be shot at. Take my word for it, Koukolnik, his arm will tremble like a dog's tail when you pat it on the head. If it were I, I'd rather shoot him down than dirty my sword on him, and I've no doubt in the world that Romanoff will feel the same. If

he does not, she can not, know what a worthless brute he is!" cried Gortchakov. "If she loves him, it would be saving her from a fate worse than death to kill him. And think of the insult which he heaped on you! And I assure you that you can kill him with perfect safety."

Hardy laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder.

"A gentleman does not think of the consequences to himself when he is vindicating his honor. I shall settle this score with Romanoff with a full realization of all the aggravating circumstances."

Gortchakov seized the American's hand impulsively.

"Pardon me, my friend," he said, "I intend no imputation on your courage; but there are others besides myself who are tired of this great bully, Romanoff."

"When is the meeting to take place?" asked Hardy.

"To-morrow morning at eight, in a grove on the banks of the river. If you will permit me, I shall call for you at half-past seven with my sledge, and shall drive you there."

"I shall be deeply indebted to you. And now, if you will take no offense, I shall ask you to excuse me, as I must get a good night's rest. There is no medicine like sleep, and plenty of it, to make the hand steady and the eye clear."

The young Russian glanced at the other admiringly.

"You have the nerve of a Russian!"

"Or of an American," replied Hardy, smiling. "You will find me ready at 7:30, and don't fail to be on time. We must not be one second late at this rendezvous."

Left to himself, Hardy sat for a long time with his head in his hands, thinking.

Of his ability to kill Romanoff at the distance agreed on—30 paces—he had not the slightest doubt. He was also aware that he stood a chance himself of being wounded, or of losing his life. Romanoff enjoyed the reputation of being a fair shot, though how much this meant in Russia, Hardy had no means of judging. Probably not much, according to American standards; but even a poor shot would sometimes hit the mark.

Was the princess in love with her cousin? The more Hardy debated this possibility in his mind, the more it took on the shape and tangibility of probability. That she had commanded the prince to fight was no proof against the supposition. She came of fighting blood, and the man she loved must be no coward. Moreover, Hardy had taken advantage of her own princely word to himself, and had claimed fulfillment of the promise that she had made to him.

oughbored to see an injustice done, and she has great influence with the czar.

There was a slight break in Gortchakov's voice when he mentioned the name of the princess, an agitation in his manner that suggested a possible explanation of his hatred of Romanoff. Hardy remembered the adage: "All is fair in love and war."

The princess' beauty was of the sort that breeds murder in the hearts of men.

"If her highness loves her cousin," Hardy said, sadly, "killing him will not make her love him the less, or—

or—use the more. She is not the sort of woman who loves twice in a lifetime."

"She does not, she can not, know what a worthless brute he is!" cried Gortchakov. "If she loves him, it would be saving her from a fate worse than death to kill him. And think of the insult which he heaped on you! And I assure you that you can kill him with perfect safety."

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Money Well Spent.  
"I suppose to educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of money?"

"Yes; but she's brought it all back for me."

"Indeed!"

"Yes; I'd been trying to buy out my next-door neighbor at half price for years, and could never bring him to terms until she came home!"

## To Rise in Business Life

Some Few Essentials Must Be Kept in Mind, and One of These Is Advertising.

A man may have several carloads of ability. He may have brains and ideas and other desirable things. But all the ideas ever "ideated" will not avail to raise a man who neglects that all important item of advertising. You simply must get attention. Of course, you can get attention by firing off a revolver during office hours, or you can do it by wearing loud clothes and proclaiming your kinship in the sporting fraternity. But most men who have risen from the ranks have carefully neglected to use methods of this kind.

Every office man must act as his own salesman. He must first prepare himself by increasing his efficiency. He must be able to do the work for which he is hired. Not only should he do that for which he is hired, but he must do that work better than it ever was done before.

When that item has been attended to it is then time to look about for more work.

The wise employee will keep his eye

on the job ahead, or, better still, will look at a job which does not exist, but which should exist for the good of the business. The next step is to think out a selling talk that will get the attention, arouse the interest, create a desire, and bring about in the mind of the employer a desire to do what the employee desires him to do.—The Bookkeeper.

As Dr. Johnson Said It.  
George Augustus Sala's eloquent testimony to the superiority of English viands reminds us of Dr. Johnson's outburst after examining a French menu.

"Sir," said he to the faithful Boswell, "my brain is obfuscated with the perusal of this heterogeneous conglomeration of bastard English ill-spelt and a foreign tongue. Bid the rascals bring me a dish of hog's puddings, a slice or two from the upper cut of a well roasted uirlein and two apple dumplings."

National Traits.  
It takes one hour to know a Frenchman, one month to know a German, almost a lifetime to know an Englishman—well.

## GORDON'S TESTIMONY PROVES INTERESTING



Charles W. Gordon, whose picture is given above, is agent for the Atlantic & Pacific Tea Company in Ogdensburg, N. Y., and resides at 78 King street, that city. In giving testimony regarding his own case, Mr. Gordon recently made the following statement:

"Some time ago, while suffering from stomach catarrh, I was advised to take Cooper's New Discovery, and did so, two bottles of the preparation putting my stomach into good condition. Previous to my taking the New Discovery I could not eat a meal without experiencing pain and discomfort afterward."

"I had been in this condition for a long time, although I had tried many different remedies in search of relief, and at last reached the conclusion that I had exhausted every available resource. Cooper's New Discovery was therefore to me almost a heaven-sent blessing, and the work of the medicine was so permanent and lasting that I have had no recurrence of my former trouble whatever."

"I can eat anything I care for without noticing any bad effects afterward. I have recommended Cooper's New Discovery to many persons of my acquaintance, and it never fails to give satisfactory results. It reaches the seat of stomach trouble in mighty short order."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

WHERE SHE HAD HEARD IT  
Mrs. Jackson Quite Confident She Had Picked Out a Biblical Name for Her Boy.

The late Bishop Guiller was once asked to baptize a negro baby boy.

"Name this child," he said, addressing Mrs. Jackson, the mother of the black mite.

"Hallelu,"

"That's a strange name, Mrs. Jackson," remarked the bishop, hesitatingly.

"Scripture name," rejoined the happy mother, with a confident grin. "I never saw it in the Bible."

"Why, bishop, how kin yuh stan' up dar kiddin' a ole ignorant nigrah laik I is? Yuh says dat name whenever yuh says de Lawd's prayer—Hallelu be thy name!"—Success Magazine.

Fighting Disease in Greece.  
Consul General George Horton has made a report from Athens on the conspicuous work of Greek physicians in combating the country's chief scourges—malaria fever and tuberculosis. An annual average of 2,000 persons die each year from the former, while in epidemic years, due to excessive rains, the number exceeds 6,000, which was the case in 1905. The population of Greece is 2,435,906. The people have been interested through lectures, pamphlets, etc., to fight the malaria-carrying mosquito by draining stagnant ponds and throwing petroleum on them. A tuberculosis congress will be held at Athens next year, to which will be invited not only physicians, but all the mayors and other prominent people of Greece.

The Point of View.  
Newlywed.—What, \$30 for a hat! Why, it's simply ridiculous, my dear. Mrs. Newlywed.—That's what I thought, Harold; but you said it was all we could afford.—Lippincott's.

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"I suppose to educate your daughter in music costs a great deal of money?"

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Cures Strained, Puffy Ankles, Swollen Feet, Rheumatism, Sprains, Bruises, Burns, Scalds, Itch, Eczema, and all skin diseases. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It is a sure cure for all these troubles. It is a sure cure for all these troubles.

Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Natural Color and Beauty. Stops its falling out, and positively removes Dandruff. Is not a Lye. Refuse all substitutes. Buy only the genuine. Manufactured only by W. F. HAY, D. D. F., 210 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Hay's Hair-Health  
Send for large sample Bottle. Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

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We have a large number of patents for sale. They are of great value and will bring you a large sum of money. They are of great value and will bring you a large sum of money. They are of great value and will bring you a large sum of money.